THE

HIGHLANDER:

A

POEM:

IN

Six CANTOS.

by James Macpherson author of the translation of Ossian's poems

Cætera quæ vacuas tenuissent carmina mentes,
Omnia jam vulgata.—— VIRG.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by WAL. RUDDIMAN jun. and COMPANY,
MDCCLVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE HIGHLANDER: A POEM.

CANTO I.

THE youth I ſing, who, to himſelf unknown,
Loſt to the world and CALEDONIA's throne,
Sprung o'er his mountains to the arms of Fame,
And, wing'd by Fate, his ſire's avenger, came;
That knowledge learn'd, ſo long deny'd by fate,
And found that blood, as merit, made him great.

The aged chieftain on the bier is laid,
And grac'd with all the honours of the dead;
The youthful warriors, as the corſe they bear,
Droop the ſad head, and ſhed the gen'rous tear.
For Abria's ſhore, Tay's winding banks they leave,
And bring the Hero to his father's grave.

His filial tears the godlike ALPIN ſheds,
And tow'rds the foe his gallant warriors leads.
The chief along his ſilent journey wound,
And fix'd his rainy eyes upon the ground;
Behind advanc'd his followers ſad and ſlow,
In all the dark ſolemnity of woe.
Mean time fierce SCANDINAVIA's hoſtile pow'r,
Its ſquadrons ſpread along the murm'ring ſhore;
Prepar'd, at once, the city to invade,
And conquer CALEDONIA in her head.
His camp, for night, the royal SUENO forms,
Reſolv'd with morn to uſe his Daniſh arms.

Now in the ocean ſunk the flaming day,
And ſtreak'd the ruddy weſt with ſetting ray;
Around great INDULPH, in the ſenate ſat
The noble Chiefs of CALEDONIA's ſtate.
In mental ſcales they either forces weigh,
And act, before, the labours of the day;
Arrange in thought their CALEDONIA's might,
And bend their little army to the fight.

Thus they conſult. Brave ALPIN's martial gait,
Approach'd the portals of the dome of ſtate;
Reſolv'd to offer to his king and lord,
The gen'rous ſervice of his truſty ſword.

Th' un-

Th' unuſual ſight the gallant chief admires,
The bending arches and the lofty ſpires.
On either ſide the gate, in order ſtand
The antient Kings of CALEDONIA's land.
The marble lives, they breathe within the ſtone,
And ſtill, as once, the royal warriors frown.
The FERGUS's are ſeen above the gate;
This firſt created, that reſtor'd the ſtate.
In warlike pomp, the awful forms appear,
And, bending, threaten from the ſtone the ſpear;
While to their ſide young ALBION ſeems to riſe,
And on her fathers turns her ſmiling eyes.
And next appears GREGORIUS' awful name,
HIBERNIA's conqu'ror for a gen'rous fame.
Incaſs'd in arms, the royal Hero ſtands,
And gives his captive all his conquer'd lands.
The filial heart of hapleſs ALPIN's ſon,
In marble melts and beats within the ſtone.
Revenge ſtill ſparkles in the Hero's eye;
Around the PICTS, a nameleſs ſlaughter, lye.
The youthful warrior thus reviews, with joy,
The godlike ſeries of his anceſtry.
The godlike forms the drooping HERO cheer,
And keen ambition half believes the ſeer:

Eager he ſhoots into the ſpacious gate;
His eye commands, without his followers wait.
No frowning ſpear-man guards the awful door;
No borrow'd terror arms the hand of pow'r:
No cringing bands of ſycophants appear,
To ſend falſe echoes to the monarch's ear.
Merit's ſoft voice, oppreſſion's mournful groan,
Advanc'd, unſtifl'd, to th' attentive throne.
The Hero, ent'ring, took his ſolemn ſtand
Among the gallant warriors of the land.
His manly port, the ſtaring chiefs admire;
And half-heard whiſpers blow the ſoldier's fire.
A while his form engag'd the monarch's eyes,
At length he raiſed the muſic of his voice.
"Whence is the youth? I ſee fierce DENMARK warms
Each gen'rous breaſt, and fires 'em into arms.
A face once known is in that youth expreſt,
And mends a dying image in my breaſt."
He ſaid: And thus the Youth; "'midſt rocks afar,
I heard of DENMARK, and of SUENO's war.
My country's ſafety in my boſom roſe;
For CALEDONIA's ſons ſhould meet her foes.

We

We ought not meanly wait the ſtorm at home,
But ruſh afar, and break it 'ere it come.
Few are my foll'wers, but theſe few are true;
We come to ſerve our country, fame, and you!"
He ſaid: The king retorts; "thy form, thy mind,
Declare the ſcion of a gen'rous kind;
With SCOTIA's foes maintain the ſtern debate,
And ſpring from valour to the arms of ſtate.
Whoe'er would raiſe his houſe in ALBION, ſhou'd
Lay the foundation in her en'mies' blood."
Then to the Chiefs: "Supporters of my throne,
Your ſires brought oft the Roman Eagles down.
Yourſelves, my lords, have caus'd the haughty DANE,
To curſe the land, he try'd ſo oft in vain.
Norvegian firs oft brought them o'er the waves,
For ALBION's crown; but ALBION gave 'em graves.
Be ſtill the ſame, exert yourſelves like men,
And of th' invaders waſh our rocks again.
Tho' few our numbers, theſe, in arms grown old,
In ALBION's and in INDULPH's cauſe are bold.
The brave man looks not, when the clarion ſounds,
To hoſtile numbers, but his country's wounds;

Bold to the laſt and dauntleſs he'll go on,
At once his country's ſoldier and her ſon."
The monarch thus his royal mind expreſt;
The patriot kindling in each gen'rous breaſt.
Each chieftain's mind with pleaſure goes before,
Already mingling with the battle's roar.
In thought each Hero ſweeps the bloody plain,
And deals, in fancy, death upon the DANE.
DUMBAR aroſe, the brave remains of wars,
Silver'd with years, o'er-run with honeſt ſcars;
Great in the ſenate, in the field renown'd;
The ſenior ſtood: attention hung arround.
He thus: "Fierce DENMARK all the North commands,
And belches numbers on our neighb'ring lands,
England's ſubdu'd, the Saxons are o'ercome,
And meanly own a Daniſh lord at home.
Scarce now a blaſt from SCANDINAVIA roars,
But wafts a hoſtile ſquadron to our ſhores.
One fleet deſtroy'd, another crowns the waves,
The ſons ſeem anxious for their father's graves:
Thus war returns in an eternal round,
Battles on battles preſs, and wound on wound.

Our

Our numbers thinn'd, our godlike warriors dead,
Pale CALEDONIA hangs her ſickly head;
We muſt be wiſe, be frugal of our ſtore,
Add art to arms, and caution to our pow'r.
Beneath the ſable mantle of the night,
Ruſh on the foe, and, latent, urge the fight.
Conduct with few may foil this mighty pow'r,
And DENMARK ſhun th' inhoſpitable ſhore."

The ſenior ſpoke: a gen'ral voice approves;
To arm his kindred-bands each chief removes.
Night from the eaſt the drouſy world invades,
And clothes the warriors in her duſky ſhades:
The vaſſal-throng advance, a manly cloud,
And with their ſable ranks the chieftains ſhroud.
Each chief, now here, now there, in armour ſhines,
Waves thro' the ranks, and draws the lengthen'd lines.

Thus, on a night when rattling tempeſts war,
Thro' broken clouds appears a blazing ſtar;
Now veils its head, now ruſhes on the ſight,
And ſhoots a livid horror thro' the night.

The full form'd columns, in the midnight hour,
Begin their ſilent journey tow'rds the ſhore:

Thro'

Thro' ev'ry rank the chiefs inciting roam,
And rouzing whiſpers hiſs along the gloom.
A riſing hill, whoſe night-invelop'd brow
Hung o'er th' incamped ſquadrons of the foe,
Shoots to the deep its ooze immantled arm,
And, ſteadfaſt, ſtruggles with the raging ſtorm;
Here ends the moving hoſt its winding road:
And here condenſes, like a ſable cloud,
Which long was gath'ring on the mountain's brow,
Then broke in thunder on the vales below.
Again the chiefs, in midnight council met,
Before the king maintain the calm debate:
This waits the equal conteſt of the day,
That ruſhes, headlong, to the nightly fray.
At length young ALPIN ſtood, and thus begun,
"Great king, ſupporter of our antient throne!
Brought up in mountains, and from councils far,
I am a novice in the art of war;
Yet hear this thought.---Within the womb of night,
Confirm the troops, and arm the youth for fight;
While ſoftly-treading to yon' camp I go,
And mark the diſpoſition of the foe:
Or, wakeful, arm they for the diſmal fight,
Or, wrapt within the lethargy of night,

Are

Are left abandon'd to our SCOTTISH ſword,
By ſleep's ſoft hand, in fatal chains ſecur'd.
If DENMARK ſleeps in night's infolding arms,
Expect your ſpy to point out latent ſtorms;
But, they in arms, too long delay'd my ſpeed,
Then place the faithful ſcout among the dead."
A gen'ral voice th' exploring thought approves,
And ev'ry wiſh with youthful ALPIN moves.
The Hero ſlides along the gloom of night,
The camp-fires ſend afar their gleaming light;
Athwart his ſide the truſty ſabre flies,
The various plaid hangs, plaited, down his thighs:
The creſted helm waves, awful, on his head;
His manly trunk the mail and corſlet ſhade:
The pond'rous ſpear ſupports his duſky way;
The waving ſteel reflects the ſtellar way.
Arriv'd, the dauntleſs youth ſolemnly ſlow,
Obſervant, mov'd along the ſilent foe.
Some 'brac'd in arms the midnight vigil keep,
Some o'er the livid camp-fires nod to ſleep:
The feeding courſer to the ſtake is bound,
The proſtrate horſeman ſtretch'd along the ground:
Extended here the brawny footman lay,
And, doſing, wore the lazy night away.

The

The watchman there, by ſleep's ſoft hand o'er-
power'd,
Starts at the blaſt, and half unſheaths his ſword.
Th' exploring youth, thro' night's involving cloud,
Circling the foe, their diſpoſition view'd.
At length the Hero's duſky journey ends,
Where HACO feaſted with his Daniſh friends;
HACO, by more than SUENO's blood, was great;
The promis'd monarch of the triple ſtate.
The Scandinavian camp the youth ſecur'd
With watchful troops, and not unfaithful ſword.
Two oaks, from earth by headlong tempeſts torn,
Supply the fire, and in the circle burn;
Around with ſocial talk the feaſt they ſhare,
And drown in bowls the CALEDONIAN war:
O'erpower'd, at length, by ſlumber's ſilken hand,
They preſs the beach, and cow'r upon the ſtrand.
A gallant deed the Mountain-youth deſign'd,
And nurs'd a growing action in his mind.
Awful the chief advanc'd: his armour bright
Reflects the fire and ſhines along the night.
Hov'ring he ſtood above the ſleeping band,
And ſhone, an awful column, o'er the ſtrand.

Thus,

Thus, often to the midnight traveller,
The ſtalking figures of the dead appear:
Silent the ſpectre tow'rs before the ſight,
And ſhines, an awful image, thro' the night.
At length the giant phantom hovers o'er
Some grave unhallow'd, ſtain'd with murder'd gore.
Thus ALPIN ſtood: He exiles to the dead
Six warrior-youths; the trembling remnant fled;
Young HACO ſtarts, unſheaths his ſhining ſword,
And views his friends in iron-chains ſecur'd.
He ruſhes, headlong, on the daring foe;
The godlike ALPIN renders blow for blow.
Their clatt'ring ſwords on either armour fell;
Fire flaſhes round, as ſteel contends with ſteel.
Young ALPIN's ſword on HACO's helmet broke,
And to the ground the ſtagg'ring warrior took.
Leaning on his broad ſhield the hero bends;
ALPIN, aloft in air, his ſword ſuſpends:
His arm up-rais'd, he downward bends his brow,
But ſcorn'd to take advantage of the foe.
Young HACO from his hand the weapon threw,
And from his flaming breaſt theſe accents drew.
"Braveſt of men! who cou'd thro' night come on,
Who durſt attack, and foil an hoſt alone.

I ſee the man high on the warrior plac'd,
Both mend each other in your noble breaſt.
Accept, brave man, the friendſhip of a Dane,
Who hates the Scot, but yet can love the man."
He ſaid: while thus the Scot; " with joy, I find
The man ſo pow'rful in an en'my's mind;
Your forces fled, amidſt night's dark alarms,
You both cou'd ſtand, and uſe your gallant arms:
Such valiant deeds thy dauntleſs ſoul confeſs,
That I the warrior, tho' the Dane, embrace."
His brawny arms he round the Hero flung;
As they embrace the claſhing corſlets rung.
The Dane reſumes: " With the ſun's riſing beam,
We may, in fields of death, contend for fame;
Receive this ſhield, that, midſt to-morrow's ſtorms,
HACO may, grateful, ſhun his well-known arms."
He ſaid, and gave the gold-enamel'd round;
While, as he reach'd, the ſtudded thongs reſound.
The amicable colloquy they end,
And each a foe, claſp'd in his arms a friend.
This to the camp his duſky journey bends;
While that to ALBION's chiefs the hill aſcends.
Th' exploring journey, all, with pleaſure, hear,
And own the valiant ſcout their noble care.

Diſſolv'd

Diſſolv'd the council, the attack declin'd,
Each with the gift of ſleep indulg'd his mind;
And 'midſt his kindred-bands, ſupinely laid,
Each ſoftly ſlumber'd on a moſſy bed.

His mind to ſoft repoſe young ALPIN bends,
And ſeeks the humble circle of his friends:
Reclining on a rock the Hero lies,
And gradual ſlumbers ſteal upon his eyes.
Still to his mind the DANISH camp aroſe,
Hung on his dreams, and hagg'd his calm repoſe;
Once more he mix'd with HACO in the fight
And urg'd, impending, on the DANISH flight

End of Canto *firſt.*

CANTO II.

HEav'n's op'ning portals ſhot the beam of day;
Earth chang'd her ſable robe to ſprightly grey:
To Weſt's dark goal the humid night is fled,
The ſun, o'er ocean, rears his beamy head:
The ſplendid gleam from Scottiſh ſteel returns,
And all the light reflexive mountains burns.

Deep-ſounding bag-pipes, gaining on the air,
With lofty voice awake the Scottiſh war.
The gallant chiefs, along the mountain's brow,
Stand 'caſs'd in arms, and low'r upon the foe;
Or, awful, thro' the forming ſquadrons ſhine,
Build up the ranks, and ſtretch the lengthen'd line.

Each Clan their ſtandards from the beam unbind,
They float along, and clap upon the wind;
The hieroglyphic honours of the brave,
Acquire a double horror as they wave.

The Southern warriors ſtretch the lines of war
Full on the right, obedient to Dumbar.
Harden'd to manhood in the ſchool of arms,
He moves along ſedately as he forms:

Next deeply ſtretch their regular array,
To break the iron tempeſt of the day,
The ſons of LENNOX; and their gallant Grahame,
Oft honour'd with the bloody ſpoils of fame.
He tow'rs along with unaffected pride,
Whilſt they diſplay their blazing arms aſide.
Great SOMERLED poſſeſt the middle ſpace,
And rang'd the kindred valour of his race;
The dauntleſs ſons of MORCHUAN's rocky ſoil,
And the rough manhood of MULL's ſea-girt iſle.
The Mountain-chiefs, in burning arms incaſs'd,
And carrying all their country in their breaſt,
Undaunted rear their uſeful arms on high;
Now fought for food, and now for liberty:
Now met the ſport of hills, now of the main,
Here pierc'd a ſtag, and there tranſfix'd a DANE.
Tho' nature's walls their homely huts incloſe,
To guard their homely huts tho' mountains roſe;
Yet feeling ALBION in their breaſts, they dare
From rocks to ruſh and meet the diſtant war.
The full-form'd lines now crown the mountain's brow,
And wave a blazing foreſt o'er the foe.

The King commands; down, in array, they creep,
Their clanking arms beat time to ev'ry ſtep;
As they deſcend they ſtretch along the ſtrand,
Reſtore the ranks, and make a ſolemn ſtand.

Before the camp the Daniſh columns riſe,
And ſtretch the battle to the clarion's voice.
Majeſtic SUENO kept the higher place,
Great in the war, as in his noble race;
And, when the ſword to milder peace ſhall yield,
In council great, as in the thund'ring field.

Behind their King, to either hand afar,
Rough NORWAY's ſons extend the front of war.
He moves, incaſs'd in ſteel and majeſty,
Along the ranks, and plans them with his eye:
Speaks his commands with unaffected eaſe,
And, unconcern'd, the coming battle ſees;
Bent on his purpoſe, obſtinately brave,
To win a kingdom or an honeſt grave;
He ſeem'd to look tow'rds Norway's rocky ſhore,
And ſay,----I'll conquer, or return no more.

Far to the right fierce MAGNUS' fiery ſway
Compels the troops, and rears the quick array:
Haughty, he moves, and catching flame from far,
Looks tow'rds the Scots, anticipates the war;

Feels

Feels cruel joys in all his fibres riſe,
And gathers all his fury to his eyes.
Young HACO, on the left, the battle rears,
And moves majeſtic thro' a wood of ſpears;
With martial ſkill the riſing ranks he forms,
No novice in the iron-trade of arms.
Thus form'd, the DANES, in unconfus'd array,
Stretch their long lines along the murm'ring ſea.
Their anchor'd ſhips, a ſable wood, behind,
Nod on the wave and whiſtle to the wind.
On either ſide, thus ſtretch'd the manly line,
With darting gleam the ſteel-clad ridges ſhine:
On either ſide the gloomy lines incede,
Foot roſe with foot, and head advanc'd with head.
Thus when two winds deſcend upon the main,
To fight their battles on the wat'ry plain;
In two black lines the equal waters croud,
On either ſide the white-top'd ridges nod.
At length they break, and raiſe a bubbling ſound,
While echo rumbles from the rocks around.
Thus march the DANES with ſpreading wings afar,
Thus moves the horror of the Scottiſh war;

While drowſy ſilence droops her mournful head,
Whoſe calm repoſe the clanking arms invade.
The Mountain-youth with unaffected pride,
Twice thirty warriors riſing by his ſide,
His native band, precedes the Scottiſh forms,
A ſhining column in the day of arms.
In act to throw, he holds the pond'rous ſpear,
And views, with awful ſmiles, the face of war.
Nodding along, his poliſh'd helmet ſhines,
And looks, ſuperior, o'er the ſubject lines.
On either ſide, devour'd the narrow ground
The moving troops.---The hoſtile ridges frown'd.
From either hoſt the HERALD's awful breath
Rung, in the trumpet's throat, the peal of death.
The martial ſound foments their kindling rage;
Onward they ruſh, and in a ſhout engage.
— The ſwords thro' air their gleaming journeys fly,
Craſh on the helms and tremble in the ſky.
Groan follows groan, and wound ſucceeds on wound,
While dying bodies quiver on the ground.
Thus when devouring hatchet-men invade,
With ſounding ſteel, the foreſt's leavy head,
The mountains ring with their repeated ſtrokes;
The tap'ring firs, the elms, the aged oaks,

Quak e

Quake at each gaſh; then nod the head and yield;
Groan as they fall, and tremble on the field.
Thus fell the men; blood forms a lake around,
While groans and ſpears hoarſe harmony reſound.
The mountains hear, and thunder back the noiſe,
And eccho ſtammers with unequal voice.
As yet the battle hung in doubtful ſcales;
Each bravely fought, in death or only fails.
All, all are bent on death or victory,
Reſolv'd to conquer, or with glory die.
Fierce DENMARK's honour kindles fire in theſe;
On theſe pale ALBION bends her parent-eyes.
This ſternly ſays, "ſhall DENMARK's children fly?"
But that, "or ſave, or with your country die."
The SCOTS, a Stream, wou'd ſweep the DANES away,
The DANES, a Rock, repell'd the SCOTS array.
They fight alternate, and alternate fly,
Both wound, both conquer, both with glory die.
Thrice HACO ſtrove to break DUMBAR's array,
And thrice DUMBAR impell'd him to the ſea.
The fiery MAGNUS, foaming on the right,
Pours on the Mountain-chiefs his warrior-might.
The Mountain-youths the furious chief reſtrain,
And turn the battle back upon the DANE.

The ranks of SUENO ſtand in firm array,
As hoary rocks repel the raging ſea.
The HERO to the phalanx crouds his might,
And calmly manages the ſtanding fight;
Not idly madd'ning in the bloody fray,
He wears delib'rately the foe away.

Straight on his ſpear the godlike ALPIN ſtood,
His flaming armour 'ſmear'd with Daniſh blood:
He caſts behind an awe-commanding look,
And to his few, but valiant, followers ſpoke.
" The cautious DANES, O friends, in firm array,
With perſeverance may ſecure the day;
Our people fall.----Let us their force divide;
Invade with flame their tranſports on the tide.
They will defend, the SCOTS reſtore the day;
Follow, my friends, your ALPIN leads the way."
He ſaid, and ruſh'd upon the phalanx'd DANE,
The bending ranks beneath his ſword complain.
Arms, groans of men, beat time to ev'ry wound,
Nod at each blow, and thunder on the ground.
Behind his friends advance with martial care,
Move ſtep for ſtep, and ſpread the lane of war.
He low'rs before, and clears the rugged road;
They ruſh behind, a rough and headlong flood.

Thus

Thus on ſome eminence, the lab'ring ſwain
Unlocks his ſluice to drench the thirſty plain:
With mattock arm'd he ſhapes the water's courſe,
The liquid flows behind, with rapid force.
Thus valiant ALPIN hews his bloody way,
And thus his friends force thro' their firm array;
With great effort he ſeizes on the ſtrand,
Turns to his friends, and iſſues his command.
"Thicken your lines, the battle's ſhock ſuſtain,
And gall with vigour the recoiling DANE.
Brave CALEDONIANS! face your country's foe;
Your lives are hers, her own on her beſtow."
He added not.---The valiant youths obey:
The HERO ſhap'd along his rapid way;
Ruſh'd to the camp, and ſeiz'd a flaming brand,
Then took his lofty ſeat upon the ſtrand.
Swift, from his arm, the crackling ember flies,
Whizzes along, and kindles in the ſkies:
The pitchy hull receives the ſparkling fire;
The kindling ſhip the fanning winds inſpire.
Black ſmoke aſcends: at length the flames ariſe,
Hiſs thro' the ſhrouds, and crackle in the ſkies.
The riding fleet is all in darkneſs loſt,
Its wreathy wings the flame ſpreads on the blaſt.

Red

Red embers, falling from the burning ſhroud,
Hiſs in the wave, and bubble in the flood.
Great SUENO turns, and ſees the flame behind
ſwell its huge columns on the driving wind;
Then thus to ERIC ---- "Urge your ſpeedy flight,
Recal the fiery MAGNUS from the right:
Quick let him come! th' endanger'd tranſports ſave,
And daſh againſt the burning ſhip the wave.
The youth obeys, and, flying o'er the ſand,
Repeats in MAGNUS' ear the king's command.
The warrior ſtarts, rage ſparkling in his eyes,
He tow'rs along reſounding as he flies:
He comes.---From SUENO's army ſquadrons fall
Around the chief, and rear the manly wall;
Till in their front the ſtately chief appears,
They wave, behind, an iron wood of ſpears;
In all the gloomy pomp of battle low'r,
And beat with ſounding ſteps the fatal ſhore.
Bent to ſupport the flame, his thin array
Young ALPIN draws along the murm'ring ſea.
He holds the maſſy ſpear in act to throw,
And bends his fiery eyes upon the foe.
Advanc'd.----with awful din the fight began;
Steel ſpeaks on ſteel; man urges upon man.

Groans

Groans, ſhouts, arms, men, a jarring diſcord ſound,
Gain on the ſky and ſhake the mountains round.
Fierce MAGNUS, here, wou'd ruſh into the main:
Young ALPIN, there, wou'd keep at bay the DANE.
One puſhes the ſwift boat into the ſea;
Thro' his bent back the faulchion cleaves its way:
Another daſhes to the ſhip the wave,
And bends at once into a wat'ry grave;
Spouts with departing breath the bubbling flood,
And dyes the water with his foaming blood.
Thus fought the men.----Behind the flame re-
founds,
Gains on the fleet, and ſpreads its waſteful bounds.
Great MAGNUS, burning at the diſmal ſight,
Advanc'd with rage redoubled to the fight.
"Degen'rate DANES"----The raging warrior cries,
"The day is loſt----Your fame, your honour dies!
Advance,---- condenſe your ranks,---- bear on your
way,
And ſweep theſe daring ſtriplings to the ſea."
The men advance.----proceeds their haughty lord,
And wounds the air with his impatient ſword.
Bending, where ALPIN reapt the bloody plain,
"Turn, here's a man, turn, ſtripling, here's a DANE!"

He

He ſaid.----The Mountain-warrior turns his eyes,
Then ſternly wheels, and with a blow replies.
Great MAGNUS falling on young ALPIN's ſhield,
Adds to the diſmal thunder of the field.
Revengful ALPIN, with deſcending blade,
Craſhes the ſhining thunder on his head.
They aim, defend; their ſwords, at every ſtroke,
Talk on the way, and gleam along the ſmoke.

At length on MAGNUS Fate deals home a wound;
He nods to death, and thunders on the ground.
Starting from the wide wound the bubbling blood,
Sinks thro' the ſand, and rolls a ſmoaking flood.
Prone on the ſtrand, extended ev'ry way,
Clad o'er with ſteel, a ſhining trunk he lay.
Thus, on its lofty ſeat, ſhou'd winds invade
The ſtatue keeps the mem'ry of the dead;
It quakes at ev'ry blaſt, and nods around,
Then falls, a ſhapeleſs ruin, to the ground.

The DANES beholding their commander die,
Start from their ranks, and in confuſion fly.
The youth purſues: the flames behind him roar
Catch all the fleet, and clothe with ſmoke the ſhore.
Mean time great SUENO, DENMARK's valiant King,
Round royal INDULPH bends the hoſtile ring.

Hemm'd

Hemm'd in a circle of invading men,
They face on ev'ry ſide the cloſing DANE;
Deal blow for blow, and wound return for wound,
And bring the ſtagg'ring en'my to the ground.
Great SOMERLED, ARGYLE's majeſtic lord,
Thro' HARALD's ſounding helmet drives his ſword:
Stagg'ring he falls, his rattling arms reſound,
And in the pangs of death he bites the ground.
Thro' HILRIC's ſhield great INDULPH urg'd the ſpear,
It pierc'd his breaſt, and ſmok'd behind in air:
Groaning he ſinks; as when repeated ſtrokes
Bring headlong to the ground the ſlaughter'd ox.
Brave GRAHAME thro' mighty CANUTE urg'd the ſpear,
Where, 'twixt the helm and mail, the neck was bare.
Preſs'd with the helm his pond'rous head inclin'd;
He nodding falls, as trees o'erturn'd by wind.
While thus the en'my's front the chieftains wore,
And pil'd with hoſtile trunks the fatal ſhore;
By ſlow degrees their force declines away,
Surrounding DENMARK gains upon the day.
Great INDULPH ſtood amidſt the warrior-ring;
All give attention to their valiant king.

" Hear me, ye chiefs," the mournful monarch cries,
" We fall to day, our ſtate, our country dies.
Let us acquit ourſelves of ALBION's death,
And yield in her defence our lateſt breath."
He ſaid: and ruſh'd from the ſurrounding ring,
And 'midſt the battle ſought the DANISH king.
Ready to fight the royal warriors ſtood,
And long'd to revel in each others blood;
While ALPIN ruſhing from the flaming ſhore,
With waſteful path, purſu'd the flying pow'r;
Hew'd thro' great SUENO's ring his bloody way,
And to the deſp'rate chieftains gave the day;
Ruſh'd 'twixt great INDULPH and bold SUENO's ſword,
And with his royal life preſerv'd his lord.
Brave SUENO nods, falls to the ſtrand, and cries;
" O honour! DENMARK loſt, undone!"----and dies.

But ſtill fierce DENMARK made a broken ſtand;
Here ſtands a ſquadron, there a gloomy band,
Rears a firm column on the ſmoky ſhore,
Makes the laſt efforts of a dying pow'r.

Thus, after fire thro' lanes its way has took,
A proſtrate village lies o'erwhelm'd in ſmoke;
But here and there ſome ſable turrets ſtand,
And lock, a diſmal ruin, o'er the land.

So

So ſtood the DANES; but, ſoon o'erpower'd, they fly,
Stumble along, and in their flight they die.
NORVEGIA'S ſons, of MAGNUS' fire bereft,
Fell down before the chieftains of the left.
The great DUMBAR upon the right repell'd
Young HACO'S force, and ſwept him off the field:
He winds his haſty march along the coaſt,
Fights as he flies, and ſhields his little hoſt.
At length, within a wood o'erſhades the ſea,
With new fell'd oaks he walls his thin array;
Bent on his fate, and obſtinately brave,
There mark'd at once his battle-field and grave.

End of Canto *ſecond.*

CANTO III.

AS when, beneath the night's tempeſtuous cloud,
Embattl'd winds aſſail the leafy wood;
Tear on their ſable way with awful ſound,
And bring the groaning foreſt to the ground:
The trunks of elms, the ſhrub, the fir, the oak,
In one confuſion ſink beneath the ſhock.
So death's ſad ſpoils the bloody field beſtrow'd;
The haughty chieftain, the ignoble croud,
The coward, brave, partake the common wound,
Are friends in death, and mingle on the ground.

Dark night approach'd. --- the flaming lord of day
Had plung'd his glowing circle in the ſea.
On the blue ſky the gath'ring clouds ariſe,
And tempeſts clap their wings along the ſkies.
The murm'ring voice of heav'n, at diſtance, fails,
And eddying whirl-winds howl along the vales.
The ſky inwrapt in awful darkneſs low'rs,
And threatens to deſcend, at once, in ſhow'rs.

The CALEDONIAN chiefs, to ſhun the ſtorm,
Beneath a leafy oak their council form.
An antient trunk ſupports the weary king;
The nobles bend around the ſtanding ring.

With

With ſwords unſheath'd the awful forms appear'd,
Their ſhining arms with DANISH blood beſmear'd:
Their eyes ſhoot fire; their meins unſettled ſhew,
The battle frowns as yet upon their brow.
The monarch roſe, and leaning on the oak,
Stretch'd out his hand, and to the nobles ſpoke.
"My lords! the DANES, for ſo juſt heav'n decreed,
Ev'n on that ſhore they thought to conquer, bleed.
In vain Death wrapt our fathers in his gloom,
We raiſe them, in our actions, from the tomb.
Not infamous their aim, o'er lands afar
To ſpread deſtruction and the plague of war;
To meet the ſons of battle as they roam,
Content to ward them from their native home;
To ſhew invaders that they dar'd to die,
For barren rocks, for fame and liberty.
In you they live, fall'n DENMARK's hoſt may ſhew;
Accept my thanks; your country thanks you too."
He added not: but turn'd his eyes around,
Till in the ring the valiant youth he found.
"Approach, brave youth!" the ſmiling monarch cry'd,
"Your country's ſoldier, and your country's pride.

SCOTLAND ſhall thank thee for this gallant ſtrife,
While grateful INDULPH owes to thee his life."
Thus he, advancing,--- and with ardour preſt
The gallant warrior to his royal breaſt.
The unpreſumptuous ALPIN bends his eyes,
And mix'd with bluſhes to the king replies.
" To ſave our king, our country's antient throne,
Are debts incumbent on her ev'ry ſon;
O monarch! add it not to ALPIN's praiſe,
That, of this gen'ral debt, his part he pays."
Thus ſaid the youth, and modeſtly retir'd,
While, as he moves, the king and chiefs admir'd:
Slow to his ſtand his eaſy ſteps he bears,
And hears his praiſes with unwilling ears.
The king reſumes.---" O chiefs, O valiant peers!
Glad CALEDONIA dries her running tears:
The warrior rais'd his faulchion o'er her head
Now ſleeps, forgotten, on an earthen bed.
Fierce SCANDINAVIA's fatal ſtorms are o'er,
Her thunder-bolts lie harmleſs on the ſhore.
But as when, after night, has beat a ſtorm,
On the mild morn ſome ſpots the ſky deform;
The broken clouds from ev'ry quarter ſail,
Join their black troops, and all the heav'ns veil;

The winds ariſe, deſcends the ſluicy rain,
The ſtorm, with force redoubl'd, beats the plain:
So, when the youthful HACO ſhall afar
Collect the broken fragments of the war,
The Hero, arm'd with SUENO's death, may come
And claim an expiation on his tomb;
Deep in that wood the gallant warrior lies
Who ſhall, to night, his little camp ſurprize;
Surround the martial DANE with nightly care,
And give the final ſtroke to dying war:
Hence NORWAY's ſhips ſhall ſhun our fatal ſea,
And point the crooked beak another way;
If chance they ſpy where oft their armies fell,
Shall turn the prow, and croud away the ſail."
He ſaid no more: the gen'rous chiefs ariſe,
Bent on the glory of the enterprize.
Eager to climb thro' dang'rous paths to fame,
The nightly war they ſeverally claim.
One chief obſerv'd where godlike HACO lay;
This knew the wood;---and that, the duſky way:
Another urg'd his more unweary'd friends;
And ev'ry chieftain ſomething recommends.
Thus for the arduous taſk the chiefs conteſt,
While each wou'd graſp the danger to his breaſt.

Th'

Th' attentive monarch heard their brave debates,
And, with a ſecret joy, his ſoul dilates.
Young ALPIN burns to urge the war of night,
To mix again with HACO in the fight.
Eager he ſtood, and thus the chiefs adreſt,
The warrior lab'ring in his manly breaſt;
" King, gallant chiefs !---this enterprize I claim;
Here let me fix my uneſtabliſh'd fame.
Already you have beat her arduous path,
Reapt glorious harveſts in the fields of death:
Repeated feats fix'd fame within your pow'r,
But I gleam once, then ſink, and am no more.
Nor am I wholly ign'rant of the fight,
I've urg'd the gloomy battles of the night:
Ædudæ's chief once touch'd on ABRIA's ſtrand,
And ſwept our mountains with his pilf'ring band;
All day they drove our cattle to the ſea,
I went at midnight and reſcu'd the prey;
With a poor handful, and a faithful ſword,
Diſpers'd the robbers and their haughty lord.
'Twas I commanded --- theſe the gallant men!
May we not act that mid-night o'er again?"
The Hero ſpoke; a murm'ring voice enſu'd
Of loud applauſe.---each Hero's mind ſubdued,

The glorious danger to the youth reſigns:
He tow'rs along, and marſhals up his lines.
Some gallant youths, to ſhare his fame, ariſe,
And mingle in the glorious enterprize.
The warrior-band move on in firm array,
He tow'rs before along the ſounding ſea.
Thro' their tall ſpears the ſinging tempeſt raves,
And, falling headlong on the ſpumy waves,
Purſues the ridgy ſea with awful roar,
And throws the liquid mountains on the ſhore.
In each ſhort pauſe, before the billow breaks,
The clanking CALEDONIAN armour ſpeaks. —
Thus on ſome night when ſable tempeſts roar,
The watchman wearying of his lonely hour,
Hears ſome rent branch to ſqueak 'twixt ev'ry blaſt,
But in each ruder guſt the creak is loſt.
The king and gallant chiefs, with wiſhful eyes,
Purſue the youthful warrior as he flies.
His praiſe thro' all the noble circle ran----
Approach'd the ghaſtly figure of a man:
His viſage pale; his locks are bleach'd with years;
His tott'ring ſteps he onward ſcarcely bears:

His

His limbs are lac'd with blood, a hideous ſight!
And his wet garments ſhed the tears of night.
With ſlow approach he lifts his fading eyes,
And rais'd the ſqueaking treble of his voice.
"O king! I feel the leaden hand of death,
To the dark tomb I tread the gen'ral path:
Hear me, O king! for this I left the field,
For this to thee my dying form reveal'd:
NORWAY in vain had interpos'd her flood,
I come, alas! to pay the debt of blood.
Poſſeſt of crimes, which the good king purſu'd,
In fell conſpiracy, unbleſt! I vow'd
With fierce DOVALUS; that I live to tell!
By us, by us, the great king MALCOLM fell!
Touch'd with remorſe, behind my ſhield I laid
His ſmiling child, and wrapt him in my plaid.
Now to the ſea we urge our rapid flight,
Beneath the guilty mantle of the night.
Still in my arms I little DUFFUS bear;
Behind the voice of men, and arms we hear.
My comrades fly.----I lay the infant down,
And with my guilty life from vengeance run.
They found him, ſav'd him; for I knew the voice:
It was------he ſaid, and clos'd at once his eyes;

Slowly

Slowly inclin'd, and, tumbling headlong down,
His guilty life breath'd in a feeble groan."
The mournful monarch ſtood in dumb ſurpriſe;
The fate of MALCOLM fill'd afreſh his eyes.
He folds his arms, and bends his ſilent look,
Then, ſtarting from the gloom of ſorrow, ſpoke.
"You ſee, my lords, tho' DENMARK's hoſtile ſtate
Long ſav'd the traitors from the hand of fate;
Yet heav'n, who rules with equal ſway beneath,
Snatch'd from her arms a victim due to death;
DOVALUS ſhall not ſink among the dead,
But with that vengeance hangs o'er treaſon's head.
Still, MALCOLM, ſtill, thou gen'rous, and thou beſt!
Thy fate hangs heavy on a brother's breaſt;
You left a young, you left a helpleſs ſon,
But loſt to me, to SCOTLAND, and his throne.
Perhaps, oppreſt with hunger and with cold,
He 'tends ſome peaſant's cattle to the fold;
Or fights a common ſoldier on the field,
And bows beneath the ſcepter he ſhould wield."
No more he ſaid; the noble circle ſigh'd,
They droop the ſilent head, nor aught reply'd.
Now dy'd apace the occidental light;
The ſubject world receives the flood of night.

The

The king from ev'ry ſide his troops recalls;
They fall around and rear their manly walls.
He iſſues to return the great command,
They move along, and leave the fatal ſtrand.
The city gain'd, each ſoldier's weary breaſt
Forgets the day, and ſooths his toil with reſt.

The king receives, with hoſpitable care,
The gallant chiefs, and drowns in wine the war.
Within the royal hall the nobles ſat;
The royal hall, in ſimple nature great.
No pigmy art, with little mimickry,
Diſtracts the ſenſe, or pains the weary eye:
Shields, ſpears and helms in beauteous order ſhone,
Along the walls of uncemented ſtone.
Here all the noble warriors crown the bowl,
And with the gen'rous nectar warm the ſoul;
With ſocial talk ſteal lazy time away,
Recounting all the dangers of the day:
They turn to ALPIN, and the gloomy fight,
And toſt the gallant warrior of the night.

Mean time young ALPIN 'girts the fatal wood,
And longs to mix again with DANISH blood.
Already HACO had, with martial care,
With walls of oak embrac'd an ample ſquare:

Himſelf

Himſelf beneath a tree, the ſtorm defends,
And keeps in arms, around, his watchful friends.
The fair Aurelia by the hero's ſide,
An awful warrior, and a blooming bride,
Who plac'd in martial deeds her virgin-care,
Wields in her ſnowy hand the aſhen ſpear.
A ſilver mail hung round her ſlender waiſt,
The corſlet riſes on her heaving breaſt.
On her white arm the brazen buckler ſhows,
The ſhining helm embrac'd her marble brows;
Her twining ringlets, flowing down behind,
Sung grateful muſic to the nightly wind.
Fate was unkind; juſt as the lovers wed,
Nor yet had taſted of the nuptial bed;
Great SUENO's trumpet call'd the youth to war,
He ſigh'd, embrac'd, and left the weeping fair.
With love embolden'd, up the virgin roſe,
From her ſoft breaſt the native woman throws;
And with the gallant warrior clothes the wife,
Following her HACO to the bloody ſtrife.
She ſought her love thro' war's deſtructive path,
And often turn'd from him the hand of death.
The chief, attentive, all the youth ſurvey'd,
And in the warrior found the lovely maid.

She leans, inclining, on her martial ſpear,
And only for the youth employs her fear.
The valiant SCOT aſſails the oaken wall:
The bulwark groans, the brave defenders fall.
With ſounding ſteel the firm barrier he ply'd,
And pour'd his warriors in on ev'ry ſide.
The godlike HACO ruſhing thro' the night,
Now here, now there oppos'd th' invaders might;
To ev'ry corner gave divided aid,
Still, ſtill ſupported by the martial maid.
Thus when the ocean, ſwelling o'er the ſtrand,
Invades with billowy troops the ſubject land;
The ſed'lous ſwains the earthen weight oppoſe,
And fill the fiſſures where the tempeſt flows.
So valiant HACO flew to ev'ry ſide,
And ſtemm'd with pointed ſteel the manly tide;
With great effort preſerv'd the narrow field,
And 'twixt the fair and danger kept the ſhield.
She, only ſhe, employs the Hero's care;
HACO forgot, he only thinks on her.
He longs to ſink with glory to the dead,
But can he leave in grief the captive maid?
Her dying image hags his fancy's eyes,
What ſhou'd he do, if fair AURELIA dies?

Love

Love, mighty love, arreſted all his pow'r;
He wiſh'd for flight who never fled before.
But as the lioneſs, to ſave her young,
Deſpiſes death, and meets the hunter-throng;
So, ſtarting from the ſable maze of care,
He faces death, and ſhields the lovely fair.
The martial maid with equal love poſſeſt
Wou'd dart 'twixt danger and her Haco's breaſt;
Oppoſe her buckler to the liſted ſpear,
And turn from him the iron hand of war.
Now godlike Alpin hew'd his bloody path
Thro' Danish ranks, and mark'd his ſteps with death.
Th' incloſed ſquare with deſp'rate hand he ſhears,
And reaps a bloody field of men and ſpears.
Groans, craſhing ſteel, and clangour of the fight,
Increaſe the ſtormy chorus of the night.
The Danes, diminiſh'd, meet th' unequal war,
Where two fall'n oaks confine an inner ſquare:
Join their broad ſhields, the cloſe-wedg'd column rear,
And on the Scottish battle turn the ſpear.
On ev'ry ſide the Caledonians cloſe,
Hemming the deſp'rate phalanx of the foes,

To give the final ſtroke to battle, croud:
While HACO thus beſpoke the DANES aloud;
" Ye ſons of North, unfortunate, tho' brave!
Here fate has marked out our common grave;
Has doom'd our bodies to enrich theſe plains:
Then die reveng'd----like warriors and like DANES!"
He ſpoke, and turning to the martial maid,
Embrac'd her ſoftly, and thus, ſighing, ſaid;
" Shall then my ſpouſe, my love, my only joy,
Shall fair AURELIA with her HACO die!
Thy death afflicts me.----I in vain complain;
I'll ſave AURELIA, or expire----a DANE!"
He ſaid, and gath'ring up his ſpacious ſhield
Prepar'd to meet the battle in the field.
Young ALPIN heard.---- It touch'd his feeling breaſt,
He ſtopt the war, and thus the DANE addreſt.
" Our CALEDONIA, now reliev'd of fear,
Feels pity riſing in the place of care;
Diſdains to tyrannize o'er vanquiſh'd foes,
And for her ſteel on them her pity throws.
I now diſmiſs brave HACO from the field,
And own the gen'rous preſent of the ſhield."

He

He ſaid:---- his thanks returns the royal DANE,
Himſelf eſcorts them to the ſounding main.
A ſhip eſcap'd the flame, within a bay,
Where bending rocks exclude the rougher ſea,
Secure from ſtormy winds in ſafety rides,
And ſlowly nods on the recoiling tides;
Thither they bend, and launching to the ſea,
Plow with the crooked beak the wat'ry way;
Their ſable journey to the North explore,
And leave their ſleeping friends upon the ſhore.

End of Canto *third.*

CANTO IV.

THE ſprightly morn with early bluſhes ſpread,
Rears o'er the eaſtern hills her roſy head;
The ſtorm ſubſides, the breezes as they paſs
Sigh on their way along the pearly graſs.
Sweet carol all the ſongſters of the ſpray,
Calm and ſerene comes on the gentle day,
Amidſt attendant fair CULENA moves,
CULENA, fruit of INDULPH's nuptial loves!
Too ſoon to fate the beauteous queen reſign'd,
But left the image of herſelf behind.
To the calm main the lovely nymphs repair,
To breathe along the ſtrand the morning air;
They bruſh with eaſy ſteps the dewy graſs
Obſerving beauteous nature as they paſs.
Th' imperial maid moves with ſuperior grace,
Awe mix'd with mildneſs ſat upon her face;
High inbred virtue all her boſom warms,
In beauty riſes, and improves her charms.
Silent and ſlow ſhe moves along the main,
Behind, her maids attend, a modeſt train!
Obſerve her as ſhe moves with native ſtate,
And gather all their motions from her gait.

Thus

Thus thro' IDALIA's balm-diſtilling grove,
Majeſtic moves the ſmiling Queen of Love:
Her hair flows down her ſnowy neck behind,
Her purple mantle floats upon the wind;
The Graces move along, a blooming train!
And borrow all the geſtures of their queen.

Thus ſteal the lovely maids their tardy way
Along the ſilent border of the ſea.
Slow-curling waves advance upon the main,
And often threat the ſhore, and oft abſtain.
A woody mound, which rear'd aloft its head,
Threw trembling ſhadows o'er a narrow mead:
From a black rock cryſtalline waters leap,
Arch as they fall, and thro' the valley creep,
Chide with the murm'ring pebbles as they paſs,
Or hum their purling journey thro' the graſs.

Pleas'd with the ſcene the wand'ring virgins ſtood;
The main below, above the lofty wood.
Their eyes they ſate with the tranſporting ſcene,
And, ſitting, preſs the fair-enamel'd green;
Enjoy with innocence the growing day,
And ſteal with harmleſs talk the time away.

Mean time fierce CORBRED, who preferr'd in vain
His ſuit to AGNES, faireſt of the train;

Who

Who fled from TWEED to ſhun his hated arms,
Intruſting fair CULENA with her charms;
Saw the diſdainful nymph remote from aid,
And bent his luſtful eyes upon the maid.
He ruſh'd with headlong ruffians from the wood,
And ſeiz'd the fair: the virgins ſhriek aloud.
For help, for help! the ſtruggling virgin cries,
And as ſhe ſhrieks, aloud the wood replies.
ALPIN alone, --- his men were ſent before,
Stalk'd on his thoughtful way along the ſhore.
The diſtant plaint aſſail'd the Hero's ear,
He drew his ſword and ruſh'd to ſave the fair.
Before the chief the daſtard CORBRED fled,
And to her brave preſerver left the maid.
Proſtrate on earth the lovely virgin lay,
Her roſes fade, and all her charms decay:
In humid reſt her bending eye-lids cloſe;
With ſlow returns her boſom fell and roſe:
At length returning life her boſom warms,
Glows in her cheeks, and lights up all her charms.
Thus when invading clouds the moon aſſail,
The landſkip fails, and fades the ſhining vale;
But ſoon as CYNTHIA ruſhes on the ſight,
Reviving fields are ſilver'd o'er with light.

Th'

Th' affrighted fair the gallant warrior leads
To join, upon the ſand, the flying maids.
They croud their cautious ſteps along the ſea,
Quake at each breath, and tremble on their way;
Their tim'rous breaſts unſettl'd from ſurprize,
To ev'ry ſide they dart their careful eyes.
Thus on the heathy wild the hunted deer
Start at each blaſt, together croud thro' fear;
Tremble and look about, before, behind,
Then ſtretch along, and leave the mountain-wind.
The gallant youth preſents the reſcu'd fair,
Confirms their trembling breaſts, removes their care;
The gen'rous ſtory from herſelf they hear,
And drink his praiſes with a greedy ear;
Steal on the youth their eyes as AGNES ſpoke,
And pour their flutt'ring ſouls at ev'ry look.
But fair CULENA feels a keener dart,
It pierc'd her breaſt and ſunk into her heart;
She hears attentive, views, admires and loves,
Her eye o'er all the man with pleaſure roves.
With painful joy ſhe feels the flame increaſe,
Her pride denies it, but her eyes confeſs:
She ſtarts, and bluſhing turns her eye aſide,
But love ſteps in, and ſteals a look from pride.

Thus

Thus fair CULENA ſtruggles up the ſtream,
And 'tempts in vain to quench the riſing flame.
At length, with bluſhing cheek and bending look,
Th' imperial maid the warrior thus beſpoke.
"O gen'rous chief! for thus your deeds wou'd ſay,
How ſhall our gratitude thy kindneſs pay?
INDULPH ſhall hear, and INDULPH ſhall reward;
Such gen'rous actions claim a king's regard."

She ſaid: and thus the chief;--- "Imperial maid,
More than the debt thy approbation paid.
In this I did not ſtrive with gallant men,
Or drive diſorder'd ſquadrons from the plain;
But frighted from his prey a ſenſual ſlave,
The gloomy ſons of guilt are never brave.
Whoe'er wou'd ſeize on a defenceleſs fair,
Wou'd ſhun the ſword and fly amain from war."

He ſaid, and ſtalk'd away with manly ſtate,
Grandeur, with awe commix'd, inform'd his gait.
His pond'rous mail reflects the trembling day,
And all his armour rings along the way.

The royal maid obſerves him as he flies,
In ſilence ſtands, and from her boſom ſighs,
Slowly moves on before the ſilent fair,
And in the palace ſhuts her ſecret care.

Mean

Mean time young Alpin ſeeks the king and peers;
But fair Culena in his boſom bears.
In vain againſt the riſing flame he ſtrove,
For all the man diſſolv'd at once to love.
Within the high-arch'd hall the nobles ſat,
And form'd in council the reviving ſtate;
For inſtant peace ſolicitous prepare,
And raiſe a bulwark 'gainſt the future war.
No high-flown zeal the patriot hurl'd along,
No ſecret gold engag'd the ſpeaker's tongue.
No jarring ſeeds are by a tyrant ſown,
Nor cunning ſenate undermines the throne.
To public good their public thoughts repair,
And CALEDONIA is the gen'ral care.
No orator in pompous phraſes ſhines,
Or veils with public weal his baſe deſigns.
Truth ſtood conſpicuous, undiſguis'd by art,
They ſpoke the homely language of the heart.
Arriv'd the gallant warrior of the night;
They hear with eager joy the gloomy fight.
His conduct, courage, and compaſſion raiſe,
And ev'ry voice is forward in his praiſe.
The great DUMBAR his awful ſtature rears,
His temples whiten'd with the ſnow of years.

On the brave youth he bends his ſolemn look,
Then, turning round, thus to the nobles ſpoke.
" Beneath the royal banner, SCOTS afar
Had urg'd on Humber's banks the foreign war;
My father dead, tho' young I took the ſhield,
And led my kindred-warriors to the field.
The noble CALEDONIAN camp was laid
Within the boſom of a ſpacious mead.
Green-riſing hills encompaſs'd it around,
And theſe king Malcolm with his archers crown'd;
Full on the right a ſpacious wood aroſe,
And thither night convey'd a band of foes.
The king commands a chief to clear the wood,
And I the dang'rous ſervice claim aloud.
I went, expell'd the foes, and kill'd their lord,
And ever ſince have worn his ſhining ſword.
I now retire from war, in age to reſt;
Take it brave youth; for you can wield it beſt."
He ſaid, and reach'd the ſword.----The youth reply'd,
Shooting the heavy blade athwart his ſide,
" My lord with gratitude this ſword I take,
Eſteem the preſent for the giver's ſake.

It ſtill may find the way it oft explor'd,
And glut with hoſtile blood its ſecond lord;
To bloody honour hew its waſteful path,
A faithful ſickle in the fields of death.

He thus.---With placid mein great INDULPH roſe,
And ſpoke; "Thus always meet our Albion's foes;
With foreign blood your native arms adorn,
And boldly fight for ages yet unborn.
For us, my lords, fought all our godlike ſires;
The debt we owe to them, our race requires:
Tho' future arms our country ſhould enſlave,
She ſhall acquit our aſhes in the grave;
Poſterity degen'rate, as they groan,
Shall bleſs their ſires, and call their woes their own.
Let us, my lords, each virt'ous ſpark inſpire,
And where we find it, blow it to a fire.
Thy ſervice, gallant ALPIN, in this war,
Shall both be INDULPH's and the ſenate's care.
Mean time, with manly ſports and exerciſe
Let us from bus'neſs turn the mental eyes:
The mind relax'd acquires a double force,
And with new vigour finiſhes the courſe."

He added not: the godlike chiefs obey;
All riſe at once; great INDULPH leads the way.

The palace here, and there a virid mound,
Confine a flow'ry ſpot of graſſy ground.
The under-rock, emerging thro' the green,
Chequers with hoary knobs the various ſcene.
Thither repair the chiefs and ſcepter'd king,
And bend upon the plain the hollow ring.
Obedient ſervants from the palace bear
The horny bow, the helm, the ſhining ſpear,
The mail, the corſlet, and the brazen ſhield;
And throw the ringing weight upon the field.
Imperial INDULPH, tow'ring o'er the plain,
With placid words addreſs'd the warrior-train:
" Let thoſe who bend the ſtubborn bow ariſe,
And with the feather'd ſhaft diſpute this prize;
An antique bow a BALEARIAN wore,
When Romans thunder'd on our ALBION's ſhore.
The ſkilful archer, dealing death afar,
Threw on our Scottiſh hoſt the diſtant war;
Great FERGUS ſprings, a king devoid of fear,
And thro' his body ſhoots the reeking ſpear;
The bloody ſpoil thro' ſtriving cohorts brings,
And ſends this relique down to after kings."

Thus, graſping the long bow, the monarch ſaid:
Roſe valiant Grahame and youthful SOMERLED.

Next

Next GOWAL in the ſtrife demands a part,
Fam'd on his native hills to wing the dart.
Full on the mound a helm, their aim, was plac'd;
And GOWAL drew the nerve, firſt, to his breaſt;
The bow reluctant yields, then backward ſprings;
The nerve reſounds, thro' air the arrow ſings.
Cloſe to the aim, the earth the arrow meets,
And as it vibrates the bright helmet beats.
Applauſe enſues.---The ſhaft was ſent by Grahame,
And cut its brazen journey thro' the aim.
The prize on him the murm'ring chiefs beſtow,
Till SOMERLED aſſumes the antient bow.
The dancing chord the leaping arrow left,
And, ruſhing, took on end Grahame's birchen ſhaft;
Tore on its way, around the ſhivers fly,
And SOMERLED brings off the prize with joy.
"Who," cries the king, "this ſhield his prize
ſhall bear,
And fling with ſkilful hand the martial ſpear?
Behind this buckler mighty KENNETH ſtood,
When Tay, impurpled, ran with Pictiſh blood."
He ſaid, and plac'd a mark, the knobby round,
And meaſur'd back with equal ſteps the ground.

The valiant Grahame, the Mountain-youth aroſe;
Gowal again his martial ſtature ſhows;
Bent on the knobby ſplendour of the prize,
Firſt from his hand the ſinging weapon flies.
The ſteel-head mark'd a circle as it run,
Flam'd with the ſplendour of the ſetting ſun.
Thus when the night the weeping ſky o'er-veils,
Athwart the gloom the ſtreaming meteor ſails,
Kindles a livid circle as it flies,
And with its glory dazzles human eyes.
Thus flew the ſpear, and, ſinking in the mound,
With quick vibrations beat the air around;
But miſs'd the ſhield.---Grahame's not unpractis'd art
Diſmiſſes thro' the air the murm'ring dart:
Full on the middle boſs it takes the ſhield;
The fighting metals clatter o'er the field:
From the firm knob the point obliquely flies,
And on the field the trembling weapon lies.
Next valiant ALPIN takes the pond'rous ſpear,
And, bending back, diſmiſſes it thro' air:
The long, quick weapon, flying o'er the field,
Falls on the boſs, and perforates the ſhield;

The

The waving ſhaft is planted on the mound;
And with applauſe the neighb'ring rocks reſound.
Young SOMERLED wrench'd from the rock a quoit,
A huge, enormous, ſharp, unwieldy weight;
Such now-a-days as many panting ſwains
A witneſs rear on long-conteſted plains:
Slow-bending down, at length the hero ſprings;
The rolling rock along the heavens ſings;
Falling, it ſhakes at once the neighb'ring ground,
And on the face of earth indents a wound.
Thus when ſtrong winds the aged tow'r invade,
And throw the ſhapeleſs ruin from its head;
It falls and cleaves its bed into the ground;
The valley ſhakes, and rocks complain around.
All try the mark to reach, but try in vain;
All, falling ſhort, unequal wound the plain.
ALPIN with diffidence aſſumes the ſtone,
For ſuch a ſpace had SOMERLED o'er-thrown:
Th' unwieldy rock a while he weighs with care,
Then, ſpringing, ſends it whizzing thro' the air;
The wond'ring warriors view it as it rolls;
Far o'er the diſtant mark the diſcus falls:

It ſhakes the plain and deals a gaping wound;
Such as when headlong torrents tear the ground.
Th' applauding chiefs own in the manly game
The Hero great, as in the fields of fame.
CULENA, leaning on her ſnowy arms
Obſervant, from the window points her charms.
Th' imperial virgin ſaw with pleaſing pain,
The fav'rite youth victorious on the plain:
Sadly ſhe ſigh'd, accuſing cruel fate,
Which chain'd her in captivity of ſtate.
The veil of night had now inwrapt the pole;
The feaſt renew'd, goes round the ſparkling bowl.
Great INDULPH roſe with favour-ſpeaking mein;
Approaching ALPIN thus the king began:
"Say, will the ſtranger tell from whence he came
To reap this harveſt of unrivall'd fame?
Nobler the youth, who, tho' before unknown,
From merit mounts to virtue and renown,
Than he, ſet up by an illuſtrious race,
Totters aloft, and ſcarce can keep his place!"
The monarch ſpoke:---attentive look the peers,
And long to drink his voice with greedy ears.

End of Canto *fourth.*

CANTO V.

CANTO V.

THE Hero, riſing from his lofty ſeat,
Thus unpreſumptuouſly accoſts the great:
"The fame of DENMARK paſs'd our mountains o'er,
And fill'd our ears on ABRIA's diſtant ſhore:
Brave RYNOLD ſtarts:---- the aged chief alarms,
And kindles all his family to arms.
A hundred youths, who, from the ſounding wood,
Or tow'ring mountain brought their living food,
Obey the bag-pipe's voice; for all, in view
Of RYNOLD's ſeat, the friendly Canton grew.
The hoary warrior leads the onward path,
No ſtranger to the road which led to death.
Behind advancing, I, with martial care,
Lead on the youthful thunder-bolts of war;
With arms anticipate the kindling fire,
And move to ev'ry motion of my ſire.
"On GRAMPUS, night her mantle round us throws;
We ſlept in heath---the dappled morn aroſe:
Deſcending thence purſue our headlong way,
And croſs the ſilver errors of the TAY.
Groans, feeble ſhrieks, aſcending from the vale,
Speak on the pinions of the ſouthern gale.

A diſmal ſcene breaks on our diſtant eyes;
Here one purſues, and there another flies.
This breathes his life thro' the impurpled wound,
While his proud villa ſmokes along the ground.
That with the foe maintains unequal ſtrife,
While his dear offspring fly, and dearer wife.

"The ſenior ſaw it with indignant eyes,
And bid, at once, his kindred-ranks ariſe.
With haſty ſteps we ſeize a virid brow,
And form a ſable cloud above the foe.
Thus on the mountain's brow, I oft have ſeen
The muſt'ring clouds brew torrents for the plain;
At length the bluſt'ring ſouth begins to roar,
And heav'n deſcends impetuous in a ſhow'r;
The bubbling floods foam down the hill, and ſpread
A ſwimming deluge on the ſubject mead.

"Thus RYNOLD formed on the mountain's brow,
And headlong ruſh'd into the vale below.
While on the banks of TAY terrific ſhine
The ſteel-clad foe, and ſtretch the hoſtile line.
They form a wall along the flowing flood,
And awful gleam their arms, an iron wood.
We ſhout, and ruſh upon the hoſtile throng;
The echoing fields with iron clangour rung.

Firm

Firm ſtood the foe, nor made they flight their care,
But hand to hand return'd the equal war:
Man cloſe to man, and ſhield conjoin'd to ſhield,
They with the ſtable phalanx keep the field.
With pointed ſpear I mark'd the ſtouteſt foe,
And heav'n directed home the happy blow:
He tumbles backward to the groaning flood:
TAY circles round, and mingles with his blood.
My kindred-youth their uſeful weapons wield,
Fomenting the confuſion of the field.
DANE fell on DANE, and man transfix'd his man,
Till bloody torrents ſmoak'd along the plain.
At length they fly along the banks of TAY;
Their guilty leader points th' inglorious way.
Eager we follow: --- ſtill the foe with art
Wound as they fly, and ſhoot th' inverted dart.
RYNOLD is wounded. --- Still he urg'd the foe;
While down his limbs the crimſon torrents flow:
With eager voice he ſtill foments the ſtrife,
Preferring ALBION's liberty to life.

"An antient pile uprear'd its rev'rent head,
And from its lofty ſeat ſurvey'd a mead:
The mould'ring walls confeſs'd their beauty paſt;
A fragment falls with each invading blaſt.

Old

Old arms above the gate time's empire own;
The rampant lion moulders in the ſtone:
Tall elms around, an old and ſhatter'd band,
Their naked arms erect, like centries ſtand.

"Within the ruin'd walls their fear incloſe
The deſp'rate ſquadrons of the flying foes.
An antient plane, whoſe leaf-diſmantled weight
Rude winds o'erturn'd, ſecures the ſhapeleſs gate.
On ev'ry ſide my quick array I form,
Prepar'd at once the muniment to ſtorm.
Miſſing my ſire, I fly to find the chief,
And give the wounded all a ſon's relief.

"Far on the plain the wounded warrior creeps,
And ſcarcely moves along his tott'ring ſteps;
But ſtill, far as his feeble voice cou'd bear,
He kindles with his words the diſtant war.
Quick I approach'd:--- He firſt the ſilence broke;
And leaning on his launce, the warrior ſpoke."

"Say, why returns young ALPIN from the fight?
Purſue the foe, and urge the DANISH flight.
I ſink, my ſon, I ſink into the grave;
You cannot me, your country, ALPIN, ſave."

No more he ſaid.--- I, mournful, thus reply,
Compaſſion melting in my filial eye,

O ſire, the DANES, within yon walls ſecur'd,
Will ſhare our pity, or muſt feel our ſword:
Of filial duty what his wants require,
I come to offer for a dying ſire."

"He thus returns: ſtill good, ſtill gen'rous mind!
My wants are, ALPIN, of no earthly kind:
The world, the fading world, retires from view;
Earth cloys me now, and all it has, but you.
Go, ALPIN, go; within that lofty wood
A hermit lives, a holy man and good!
Relieve, my ſon, relieve me of my cares,
And for the dying RYNOLD raiſe his pray'rs."

"Thus ſaid;---himſelf the wounded warrior laid,
Within the coolneſs of a birchen ſhade:
Some youths around employ their friendly care,
And o'er the dying ſhed the mournful tear.
Around the antient faſtneſs guards I ſent;
And to the lofty wood my journey bent.
Two riſing hills, whoſe brows tall pop'lars grace,
With ſtretching arms a woody plain embrace;
Along the tree-ſet vale a riv'let flow'd,
And murmur'd ſoftly thro' the under-wood:
Along the purling ſtream my ſteps I bear,
And ſeek the lonely manſions of the ſeer.

Irreg'lar

Irreg'lar files of tow'ring elms embrace,
In their calm boſom, an enamel'd ſpace.
Full at the end a rock with ſable arms,
Stretch'd o'er a moſs-grown cave, a grotto forms.
A ſilver ſtream, clear-iſſuing from the ſtones,
In winding mazes thro' the meadow runs;
Depending flow'rs their vary'd colours bind,
Hang o'er the entrance, and defend the wind.
On a green bank the holy ſeer is laid,
Where weaving branches cloud the chequer'd ſhade;
In ſolemn thought his hoary head's inclin'd,
And his white locks wave in the fanning wind.
" With rev'rent ſteps approaching, I began.
" O bleſt with all that dignifies the man!
Who far from life, and all its noiſy care,
Enjoy'ſt the aim of all that wander there:
Let, holy father, thy propitious aid
Guide dying RYNOLD thro' the deathful ſhade."
I ſaid: --- the prophet heav'n-ward lifts his eyes,
Long fix'd in ſolemn thought, and thus replies;
" Vain mortals! worms of earth! How can ye dare
To deem your deeds not providence's care?
Heav'n looks on all below with equal eye:
They long eſcape, but yet the wicked die.

With

With diſtant time, O youth! my ſoul's impreſt;
Futurity is lab'ring in my breaſt:
Thy blood, which rolling down from FERGUS came,
Paſſes thro' time, a pure untainted ſtream.
ALBION ſhall in her priſtine glory ſhine,
And, bleſt herſelf, bleſs the FERGUSIAN line.
" But ah! I ſee grim treaſon rear its head,
Pale ALBION trembling, and her monarch dead;
The tyrant wield his ſcepter 'ſmear'd with blood;
O baſe return! but ſtill great heav'n is good:
He falls, he falls: ſee how the tyrant lies!
And SCOTLAND brightens up her weeping eyes:
The baniſh'd race, again, reſume their own;
Nor SYRIA boaſts her royal ſaint alone.
Its gloomy front the low'ring ſeaſon clears,
And gently rolls a happy round of years.
" Again I ſee contending chiefs come on,
And, as they ſtrive to mount, they tear the throne;
To civil arms the horrid trumpet calls,
And CALEDONIA by her children falls.
The ſtorm ſubſides to the calm flood of peace;
The throne returns to FERGUS' antient race.
Glad CALEDONIA owns their lawful ſway;
Happy in them, in her unhappy they!

See each inwrapt untimely in his ſhroud,
For ever ſleeping in his gen'rous blood!
Who on thy mournful tomb refrains the tear?
O regal charms, unfortunately fair!
Dark FACTION graſps her in his ſable arms,
And cruſhes down to death her ſtruggling charms:
The roſe, in all its gaudy liv'ry dreſt,
Thus faintly ſtruggles with the bluſt'ring weſt.
" Why mention him in whom th' eternal fates
Shall bind in peace the long-diſcording ſtates?
See SCOT and SAXON coaleſc'd in one,
Support the glory of the common crown.
BRITAIN no more ſhall ſhake with native ſtorms,
But o'er the trembling nations lift her arms."
He ſpoke, and in the cave inclos'd his age:
In wonder loſt I leave the hermitage;
Meaſure with thoughtful ſteps my backward way,
While to the womb of night retires the day.
Pale doubtful twilight broods along the ground:
The foreſt nods its ſleeping head around.
Before my eyes a ghaſtly viſion ſtood;
A mangled man, his boſom ſtain'd with blood!
Silent and ſad the phantom ſtood confeſt,
And ſhew'd the ſtreaming flood-gates of his breaſt.

Then

Then pointing to the Dome his tardy hand,
Thither his eyes my ſilent way command.
He hands my ſword, emits a feeble groan,
And weakly ſays, "revenge me, O my ſon!"
I to reply ---- he hiſs'd his way along,
As breezes ſing thro' reeds their ſhrilly ſong.
I ſtood aghaſt, then wing'd me to obey;
Acroſs the field I ſweep my haſty way.
The men I arm; --- the firm barrier we ply;
And thoſe who dare diſpute the paſſage die.
With dying groans the lonely walls reſound:
I on the guilty leader deal a wound;
Thro' his bright helm the ſword its journey takes;
He falls, and thus with dying accents ſpeaks:
"Juſt heav'n! in vain the wicked ſhun thy pow'r;
Tho' late thy vengeance, yet the blow is ſure.
This earth receiv'd the blood from off my hands;
A juſt return, my own, my own demands!
In night's dead hour, when all, but treaſon, ſlept,
With ruffian bands, a bloody train, I crept.
'Twas here, 'twas here, oh! long-deſerved death!
'Twas here the godlike man reſign'd his breath:
The ſleeping fam'ly we with blood ſurprize,
And ſend the palace flaming to the ſkies.

I fled, but fled, alas! purſued by fate;
'Tis now I find that I have ſinn'd too late.
O MALCOLM! O my king! before my eyes
He ſtands confeſt; --- accurſt DOVALUS dies."

His guilty ſoul in theſe dire accents fled,
I left with haſty ſteps the ſilent dead.
Beneath the birch my aged ſire I found;
His life was ebbing thro' the purple wound.
On me the aged ſenior lifts his eyes,
And mixes feeble accents with his ſighs.

" ALPIN, the commerce of this world I leave,
Convey my reliques to my father's grave.
Ten friendly youths the homely rites ſhall pay;
Lead thou the reſt, my ALPIN, to the fray:
DENMARK invades:---- this was a pilf'ring band,
Who ſpread divided terror o'er the land."

He ſaid: a qualm ſucceeds; tears fill my eyes,
And woe, ſecurely, ſhuts the gates of voice;
Silent and ſad I hang the dying o'er,
And with warm tears intenerate his gore."

The chief reſumes:--- " my brave, my only ſon!
Yes, ALPIN, I may call thee all my own;
I ſhall not veil a ſecret in my death;
Take then this ſtory of my lateſt breath:

The twentieth ſeaſon liv'ries o'er the year,
Since on the SEVERN's banks I met the war;
In private feud, againſt a SAXON lord,
The great DUMBAR had rais'd his kindred-ſword:
I on the foe my bow auxiliar bend,
And join afar our fam'ly's antient friend:
Returning thence I next the TAY divide,
That very night the great King MALCOLM dy'd.
My clan in arms might then preſerve their king;
But Fate withſtood;---- along in arms we ring.
An infant's cries, at diſtance, took my ear,
I went, found thee, a helpleſs orphan there.
The king, who long infix'd in dumb ſurprize,
Run o'er the ſpeaking youth with ſearching eyes,
Here ſtopt him ſhort, his arms around him flung,
And ſilent on th' aſtoniſh'd warrior hung;
My ſon, my ſon! at laſt, perplex'd, he cries,
My DUFFUS!----tears hung in his joyful eyes:
The crouding tide of joy his words ſuppreſs'd;
He claſps the youth, in ſilence, to his breaſt.
Th' aſtoniſh'd chiefs, congeal'd in dumb amaze,
Stiffen'd to ſilence, on each other gaze.
Sudden their cheeks are vary'd with ſurprize,
And glad diſorder darted from their eyes.

As when before the ſwains, with inſtant ſound,
The forky bolt deſcending tears the ground;
They ſtand; with ſtupid gaze each other eye:
So ſtood the chiefs oppreſs'd with ſudden joy.
At length, relax'd from fetters of ſurprize,
"Welcome, brave youth!" the ſcepter'd ſenior cries,
"Welcome to honours juſtly thine alone,
Triumphant mount, tho' late, thy father's throne.
To thee with joy the ſcepter I reſign,
And waft the kingdom to the coming line."
He ſaid: and thus the youth; "I only know
To ſhoot the ſpear, and bend the ſtubborn bow;
Unſkill'd to ſtretch o'er nations my command,
Or in the ſcales of judgment poiſe a land.
Wield ſtill the ſcepter which with grace you wear,
And guide with ſteadier hand the regal car;
While, looking up to thee with humble eye,
I firſt tranſcribe my future rules of ſway;
Till late enjoy the throne which you bequeath,
And only date dominion from thy death."
Reſolv'd he ſpoke:----burſts of applauſe around
Break on the chief:----with joy the halls reſound.
As when ſome valiant youth returns from far,
And leaves the fields of death, and finiſh'd war;

Whom

Whom time and honeſt ſcars another made,
And friendly hope long plac'd among the dead;
At firſt his ſire looks with indifference on,
But ſoon he knows, and hangs upon his ſon.
So all the chiefs the royal youth embrace;
While joys, tumultuous, rend the lofty place.
While thus the king, and noble chiefs rejoice,
Harmonious bards exalt the tuneful voice:
A ſelect band by INDULPH's bounty fed,
To keep in ſong the mem'ry of the dead!
They handed down the ancient rounds of time,
In oral ſtory and recorded rhyme.
The vocal quire in tuneful concert ſings
Exploits of heroes, and of antient kings:
How firſt in FERGUS CALEDONIA roſe;
What hoſts ſhe conquer'd, and repell'd what foes.
Thro' time in reg'lar ſeries they decline,
And touch each name of the FERGUSIAN line;
Great CARACTACUS, FERGUS' awful ſword;
That bravely loſt his country, this reſtor'd:
HIBERNIA's ſpoils, GREGORIUS' martial fire;
The ſtern avenger of his murder'd ſire:
Beneath his ſword, as yet, whole armies groan,
And a whole nation paid the blood of ONE.

At length deſcend the rough impetuous ſtrains
To valiant DUFFUS, and the ſlaughter'd DANES:
The battle lives in verſe; in ſong they wound;
And falling ſquadrons thunder on the ground.

Thus, in the ſtrain, the bards impetuous roll,
And quaff the gen'rous ſpirit of the bowl;
At length from the elab'rate ſong reſpire;
The chiefs remove, and all to reſt retire.

End of Canto *fifth.*

CANTO VI.

CANTO VI.

NOW, in the bluſhing eaſt, the morn aroſe;
Its lofty head, in grey, the palace ſhows.
Within, the king and valiant chiefs prepare
To urge the chace, and wage the mountain-war.
The buſy menials thro' the palace go;
Some whet the ſhaft, and others try the bow;
This view'd the toils; that taught the horn to ſound;
Another animates the ſprightly hound.
For the fleet chace the fair CULENA arms,
And from the gloom of ſorrow 'wakes her charms:
The Hero's royal birth had reach'd her ear,
And ſprightly hope aſſum'd the throne of care:
Around her ſlender waiſt the cincture ſlides;
Her mantle flows behind in crimſon tides.
Bright rings of gold her braided ringlets bind;
The rattling quiver, laden, hangs behind.
She ſeiz'd, with ſnowy hand, the poliſh'd bow,
And mov'd before, majeſtically ſlow.
The chiefs behind advance their ſable forms;
And with dark contraſt heighten all her charms.
Thus, on expanded plains of heavenly blue,
Thick-gather'd clouds the queen of night purſue;

And.

And as they croud behind their ſable lines,
The virgin-light with double luſtre ſhines.
The maid her glowing charms thus onward bears;
His manly height, aſide, young DUFFUS rears.
Her beauty he, his manhood ſhe admires;
Both mov'd along, and fed their ſilent fires.
The HUNTERS to the lofty mountains came:
Their eager breaſts anticipate the game:
The foreſt they divide, and ſound the horn;
The gen'rous hounds within their bondage burn:
Struggle for freedom, long to ſtretch away,
And in the wind already ſcent the prey.
At the approaching noiſe the ſtarting deer
Croud on the heath, and ſtretch away in fear;
Wave, as they ſpring, their branchy heads on high,
Skim o'er the wild, and leave the aching eye.
The eager hounds, unchain'd, devour the heath;
They ſhoot along, and pant a living death:
Gaining upon their journey, as they dart,
Each from the herd ſelects a flying hart.
Some urg'd the bounding ſtag a different way,
And hung with open mouth upon the prey:
Now they traverſe the heath, and now aſſail
The riſing hill, now ſkim along the vale:

Now

Now they appear, now leave the aching eyes,
The maſter follows with exulting cries;
Fits, as he flies, the arrow to the ſtring;
The reſt within the rattling quiver ring:
He, as they ſhoot the lofty mountains o'er,
Purſues in thought, and ſends his ſoul before.
Thus they with ſupple joints the chace purſue,
Riſe on the hills, and vaniſh on the brow.

On the blue heav'ns aroſe a night of clouds;
The radiant lord of day his glory ſhrouds:
The ruſhing whirlwind ſpeaks with growling breath,
Roars thro' the hill, and ſcours along the heath:
Deep rolling thunder, rumbling from afar,
Proclaims with murm'ring voice th' aerial war:
Fleet light'nings flaſh in awful ſtreams of light,
Dart thro' the gloom, and vaniſh from the ſight:
The bluſt'ring winds thro' heav'ns black concave ſound,
Rain batters earth, and ſmokes along the ground.
Down the ſteep hill the ruſhing torrents run,
And cleave with headlong rage their journey on;
The lofty mountains echo to the fall;
A muddy deluge ſtagnates on the vale.

CULENA mov'd a long the level ground;
A hart deſcends before the op'ning hound:
From the recoiling chord ſhe twang'd the dart,
And pierc'd the living vigour of the hart:
He ſtarts, he ſprings; but falling as he flies,
Pours out his tim'rous ſoul with weeping eyes.
As o'er the dying prey the huntreſs ſigh'd,
Before the wind heav'n pours a ſable tide,
And lowring threats a ſtorm: A rocky cave,
Where monks ſucceſſive hew'd their houſe and grave,
Invites into its calm receſs the fair:
The rev'rend father breath'd abroad his pray'r.
The valiant DUFFUS comes with panting breath,
Faces the ſtorm, and ſtalks acroſs the heath.
His ſleeky hounds, a faithful tribe, before,
Are bath'd with blood, and vary'd o'er with gore.
Drench'd with the rain, the noble youth deſcends,
And, in the cave, the growling ſtorm defends.
Amaz'd, aſtoniſh'd, fix'd in dumb ſurprize,
The lovers ſtood, but ſpoke with ſilent eyes:
At length the diſtant colloquy they rear,
Run o'er the chace, the mountain, and the deer.

Far

Far from the ſoul th' evaſive tongue departs,
Their eyes are only faithful to their hearts.
The winding volumes of diſcourſe return,
To hoſtile fields by gallant DUFFUS ſhorn.
Th' imperial maid muſt hear it o'er again,
How fell DOVALUS was by DUFFUS ſlain:
How, by the ſon, the father's murd'rer fell.
The kindling virgin flames along the tale.
She turns, ſhe quakes, and from her boſom ſighs,
And all her ſoul comes melting in her eyes.
Flames, not unequal, all the youth poſſeſs,
He, for the firſt, hears willingly his praiſe.
Praiſe, harſhly heard from warriors, kings and lords,
Came down in balm on fair CULENA's words.
The royal pair thus fed the mutual fire,
Now ſpeak, now pauſe, when both alike admire.
He longs to vent the paſſion of his ſoul,
And ſhe the tempeſts in her boſom roll.
Now he begun; but ſhame his voice oppreſt;
Loth to offend, his eyes muſt tell the reſt.
At length, upon the headlong paſſion born,
He ſpoke his love, and had a kind return;

She ſigh'd, ſhe own'd, and bent her modeſt eyes,
While bluſhing roſes on her cheeks ariſe.
Thus, on the vale, the poppy's bluſhing head,
Brimful of ſummer-ſhow'rs, to earth is weigh'd,
Fann'd with the riſing breeze it ſlow inclines,
While o'er the mead the roſy luſtre ſhines.
INDULPH into his cave the hermit led,
Found erring thro' the mountains ſtormy head.
CELENA, ſtarting as the king appears,
Looks ev'ry way, and trembles as ſhe fears:
On her mild face the modeſt bluſhes riſe,
And fair diſorder darted from her eyes.
The parent-king obſerv'd the virgin whole,
And read the harmleſs ſecret in her ſoul.
A while the maze of calm diſcourſe they wind;
At length the king unveils his royal mind.
"Warded from ALBION's head the ſtorm is o'er;
Her prince is found, her foes are now no more:
Thro' time 'tis ours her happineſs to trace;
'Tis ours to bind the future bands of peace.
Poſterity for ALBION's crown may fight,
And couch ambition in the name of right;
With ſpecious titles urge the civil war,
And to a crown their guilty journey tear:

I end theſe fears:----the ſtreams ſhall run in one;
Nor ſtruggling kindred ſtrive to mount the throne.
I ſhield my daughter with young DUFFUS' arms,
And bleſs the warrior with CULENA'S charms."
Thus ſaid the king. Their willing hands they join:
The rev'rent prieſt runs o'er the rites divine.
The ſolemn ceremony clos'd with pray'r;
And DUFFUS call'd his own the royal fair.
The ſtorm is ceas'd: the clouds together fly,
And clear, at once, the azure fields of ſky:
The mid-day ſun pours down his ſultry flame,
And the wet heath waves gliſt'ring in the beam.
The hunter chiefs appear upon the brow,
Fall down the hill, and join the king below:
Slow, thro' the narrow vale, their ſteps they bear;
Behind advance the ſpoils of Sylvan war.
Far on a head-land point condens'd they ſtood,
And threw their eyes o'er ocean's ſable flood;
Tall ſhips advance afar: their canvas-ſails
In their ſwoln boſom gather all the gales;
Floating along the ſable back of ſea,
Before the wind they cut their ſpumy way;
Bend in their courſe, majeſtically ſlow,
And to the land their lazy journey plow.

Thus ſpungy clouds on heav'n's blue vault ariſe,
And float, before the wind, along the ſkies;
Their wings oppos'd to the illuſtrious ſun,
Shine, as they move, majeſtically on.
Thus godlike HAROLD brought his floating aid,
Unknowing SUENO's number'd with the dead.
From ANGLIA's coaſts he call'd his troops afar,
To aid his brother in the foreign war.
Arriv'd, he in the wave the anchor throws,
Attempts to land, and ALBION's chiefs oppoſe;
Wave on the fatal ſhore the pointed ſpear,
And ſend the arrow whizzing thro' the air.
The DANES return the flying death afar,
And, as they croud away, maintain the war.
An arrow tore thro' air its murm'ring path,
Fell on the king, and weigh'd him down to death:
Quick, from the wound, the blood tumult'ous ſprung,
And o'er the ſand the reeking weapon flung:
Prone on the ſtrand, an awful trunk he lies,
While ſleep eternal ſteals upon his eyes.
The mournful chiefs around the dying ſtood,
Some raiſe the body, others ſtem the blood:

In

In vain their care; --- the ſoul for ever fled,
And fate had number'd INDULPH with the dead.
CULENA, whom young DUFFUS ſet apart,
With a green bank ſecur'd the hoſtile dart.
Her father's fate aſſail'd her tender ear,
She beat her ſnowy breaſt, and tore her hair:
Frantic along the ſand ſhe run, ſhe flew,
And on the corſe diſtreſsful beauty threw:
She call'd her father's ſhade with filial cries,
And all the daughter ſtreaming from her eyes.
Bent on revenge the furious DUFFUS ſtrode,
And ey'd, with angry look, the ſable flood.
A ſhip, which near had took its nodding ſtand,
Fix'd with the pitchy haulſer to the ſtrand,
Remains of SUENO's fleet, the Hero view'd,
And to the mournful warriors ſpoke aloud:
" Let theſe whoſe actions are enchain'd by years
Honour the mighty dead with friendly tears;
While we of youth, deſcending to the main,
Exact ſevere atonement of the DANE."
He thus: and ruſhing thro' the billowy roars,
With brawny arms his rapid journey oars
Divides with rolling cheſt the ridgy ſea,
Laſhing the bubbling liquid in his way.

The boat he ſeiz'd, and, meaſ'ring back the deep,
Wafted his brave companions to the ſhip;
The haulſer broke, unfurl'd the ſwelling ſail,
And caught the vig'rous ſpirit of the gale:
Before the ſable prow the ocean parts,
And groans beneath the veſſel as it darts.

Now on the foe the SCOTTISH warriors gain;
Swells on the approaching eye the floating DANE.
Fierce ULRIC's ſkill brought up the lazy rear,
Fam'd in the fields of main to urge the war.
Twice ſeven years, in baſe purſuit of gain,
He plow'd the waves, the common foe of men;
At laſt to HAROLD aiding arms he join'd;
Graſping the ſpoil with avaricious mind.
At firſt he ſhoots the leaping ſhaft afar,
And manages with ſkill the diſtant war.
The chiefs of ALBION with collected might,
Bear on the foe, and cloſe the naval fight.
[illegible]k join'd to deck, and man engag'd with man,
Sword ſpoke with ſword, and SCOT transfix'd his
DANE.
The ſmoaking oak is cover'd o'er with gore,
[illegible] the whole pyrate-crew are now no more.

The

The empty hull from wave to wave is toſt,
Nods as it floats, the ſport of ev'ry blaſt.

The CALEDONIAN chiefs again purſue:
The SCANDINAVIAN fleet o'er ocean flew.
T'elude the foe the DANES fly diff'rent ways;
And cut with ſep'rate prows the hoary ſeas.
Some bear to ſea, ſome ruſh upon the land,
And fly amain on earth, a trembling band.

As, in purſuit of doves, on rapid wings
The darting hawk thro' air his journey ſings;
But when the parting flock divides the ſky,
Hovers, in doubt this way or that to fly.
So undetermin'd long young DUFFUS ſtood;
At length he ſigh'd, and thus begun aloud:
"While thus, O chiefs, we urge the flying DANE
Unmourn'd, unhonour'd lies the mighty ſlain;
'Tis ours to grace with woe great INDULPH's [illegible]
And o'er his fallen virtue ſhed [illegible]"

The warrior ſpoke: the CALEDONIANS [illegible]
And with returning prow the waves divide,
With ſwelling ſail bring on the fatal ſhore,
Where, o'er the dead, the aged chiefs deplor[illegible]
The warriors bear their monarch as they come
In ſad proceſſion to the ſilent tomb;

Forſake with lazy ſteps the ſounding main,
And move a ſad and lamentable train.

Behind the dead the tuneful bards appear,
And mingle with their elegies the tear:
From their ſad hearts the mournful numbers flow,
In all the tuneful melody of woe.

In grief's ſolemnity CULENA leads
A mournful train of tear-diſtilling maids:
Above the reſt, the beauteous queen appears.
And hightens all her beauties with her tears.

Now in the tomb the godlike INDULPH laid,
Shar'd the dark couch with the illuſtrious dead:
All o'er his grave the mournful warriors ſigh,
And give his duſt the tribute of the eye:
Removing, as the night inwrapt the ſky,
They ſhare the nuptial reaſt with ſolemn joy.
The royal DUFFUS, with a huſband's care,
Sooth'd, in his martial arms, the ſorrowing fair;
O'er ALBION's rocks exerted his command,
And ſtretch'd his ſcepter o'er a willing land.

FINIS.

BRITISH 5 JY71